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## DESCRIPTION OF ENTRANCE HALL.

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

THIS sketch shows entrance hall in the residence of J. L. Earl, Esq., Utica, N. Y. The hall proper, between stairs and front door, is twelve by fourteen feet, and is used largely by the family as a sitting-room. The door at right of sketch opens into dining-room, while the drawing-room is connected to hall by large openings directly opposite the stair approach. The front of hall facing the street has an open fire-place above this and through the chimney breast is a window filled with vase and flowers worked in colored glass. The mantel surrounds this opening, forming a frame for the same and offers shelves for bric-a-brac, etc. On both sides of fire-place are large windows looking up and down the street, with settees beneath. The windows up the staircase have symbolical figures painted by Booth, of London, representing science, literature, art; while off the second landing of staircase a plant conservatory adds a picture not easily described. Ceilings are divided into panels by wood strips, panels

tation about taking off our gloves in approaching the subject. The brush is brandished with defiance in the face of criticism, good taste, and propriety. Nothing escapes its insolent travesties upon nature. Coarse pond lilies trail over mirror frames, butterflies, bees, and beetles crawl over dinner plates.

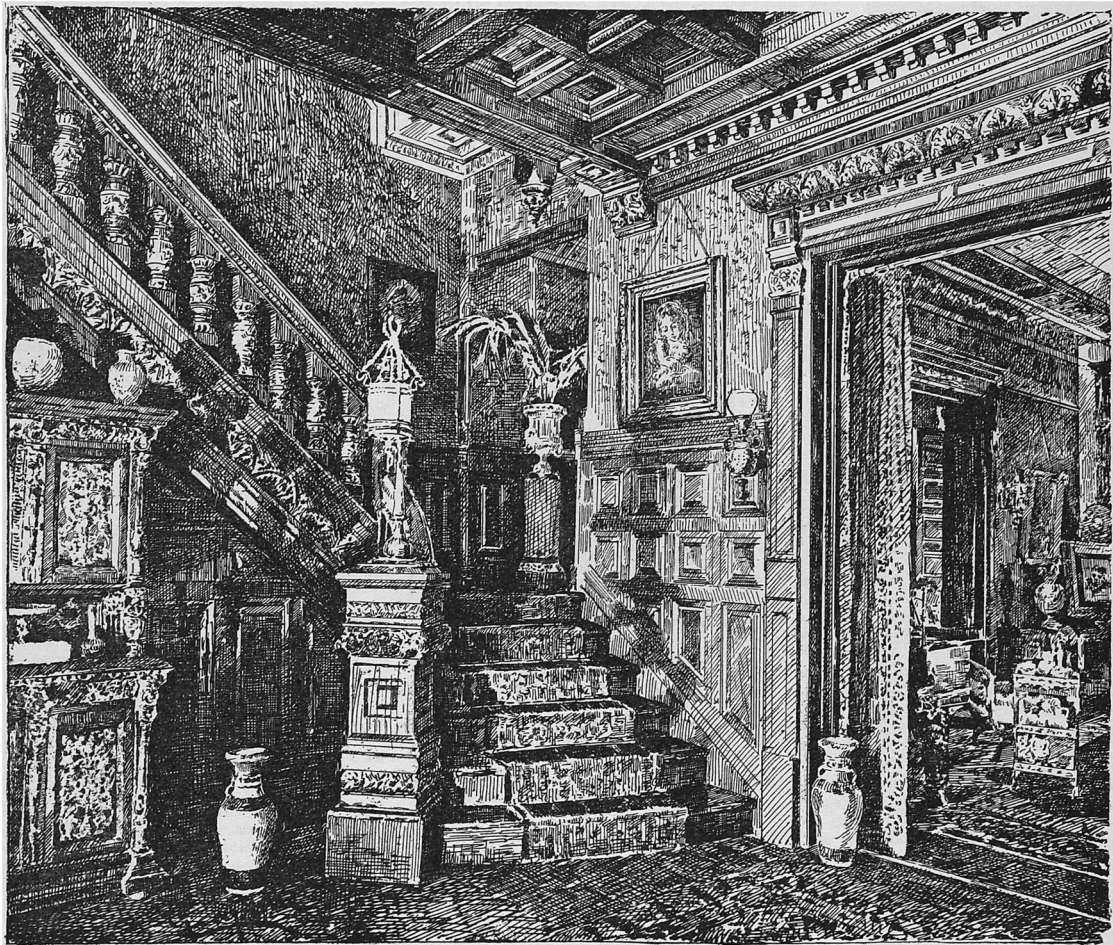
There seems an impression that given a box of colors and two or three lessons from an artist, every woman may be her own decorator, quite independently of all natural fitness; and the poor quality of the work done we can more easily forgive than the evident satisfaction and delight of the artist in having done it. She is not wasting her life in sighing after an ever receding ideal, no indeed, on the contrary, she has been surprised at her own success, as the patches of color come together and look just for all the world like a real sunflower or daisy.

She resolves to have a studio and devote herself to the fascinating pursuit. China, brass, tiles, walls, nothing escapes her terrible brush, and as friends are taken from room to room to wonder and admire, the power of polite dissimulation is severely strained; one may with perfect truth say, "Wonderful, your work astonishes me," but alas!

of Washington, there is such a home, containing at the same time one feature so unique and original that it deserves description here. A mother of taste and refinement and with extraordinary skill in the domestic arts, a father who is a student of nature and in his idle moments a poet, and a gifted daughter have supplemented each other in its creation.

We will not speak of the rooms in detail, of the Turkish rugs and hangings, of the wonderfully painted screen, nor of the flight of birds across a sky of blue ether, where the ugly transom once swung. We will not stop by the way to describe the rich branches of wisteria which stretch across the door panels disappearing and appearing again from under the stile with cunning skill, but will go right on till we find ourselves under the roof in a little room of varying altitudes. The professor calls it his den.

A dado of soft gray stretches all around the room, and just above it is a floral procession, or in the language of the paper-hangers, a growing frieze, representing in natural size the reception of flowers from earliest spring to latest autumn. It begins with the little drab tassels which come upon the alder—modest harbinger of the brilliant



HALL FOR A NARROW HOUSE, BY L. R. HARTUNG.

covered with canvas and painted in oil. Side walls are papered, all openings draped, and the floor of hard wood is partially covered with rugs. The entire wood work of hall and staircase is of cherry stained and highly finished. Hall furniture was designed by the same architect. Mr. Earl is the happy possessor of a number of fine paintings by American artists. Several of these canvases adorn the hall.

## THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY MARY PARMELEE.

II.

THERE was a time, not very long ago, when a certain reserve and modesty attended amateur art work which disarmed criticism; studies and sketches were kept in albums and portfolios, and only intimate friends permitted to see them, so diffident of their merit was the artist; but now, the spirit is so different, we feel no hesi-

under the pressure of the situation, who has not murmured some graceful insincerities about "talent," "beautiful work," etc., and bartered truth for a phrase?

Machiavelli divides mankind into three classes, those who know by their own natural powers, those who know what they are told, and those who never know anything. Unfortunately, the last classification is the one into which the astute philosopher sweeps the multitude, so while some may be taught the secrets of art, which to the few come as an heritage of genius, there are still a vast number of people who should never touch a brush unless it be of the kind devoted to purposes of utility!

But happily there is another side to this theme. We all know of houses which serve as canvas for the art inspirations of their occupants. A sense of harmony, of fitness, of beauty, is written all over them. Upon the walls, in the draperies, in the suggested occupations of the household, the open piano, the books, and sometimes the wonderfully good decorative work.

On the heights overlooking the beautiful city

train which is to follow—then the hippatica, and so in orderly succession seven flowers nod their graceful heads in advance of the trailing arbutus or May flower, which the careless observer would have said was the first. The crocus, the dandelion, the daisy, timothy, clover, jonquil, narcissus, anemone, all the tender spring blossoms pass in review before you, then summer with its eglantine, clematis, sweet pea, and other beautiful things which we will not attempt to enumerate, and you find yourself among the golden rod, the asters, sumach, and finally, the fringed gentian with its delicious blue spiral buds, brings you into November, and completes the serial story of nature, told with a grace and fidelity which are truly wonderful.

And so, in this little room under the eaves, is a work which would adorn an art gallery, literally "born to blush unseen." Could it be transmitted in all its delicacy of line and color, to the pages of this magazine, it would display a handwriting on the wall which would go far to redeem us from the merited charge of bad taste and low standards in domestic decorative work.